THE WEATHER CLERK'S DREAM.

How the wind sang in the caves! A song That anon was cruel and cold and strong. And anon sobbed low in the dresmer's ears With a fitful pause as if hushed for tears! Sighing and sobbing and shricking of snow, nd the terrible storm of a year ago, Of the children lost in the drifts: the men On the plains who never came home again. The pilot-boats that were lost at sea,

The street-cars lost at the Battery, The beggars lost in an alleyway. The women and children who knelt to pray

In sight—almost—of the firelit hearth And, deep in a drift, were lost to earth.

The dreamer stirred and his breath came quick; to looked again where the snow whirled thick, Where the great white flakes had changed in a

trice
To piercing needles of driving ice. looked again, and his blood stood still: He heard the wolves how over the bill. Saw the horses pant as they ploughed through

the night. While the driver's features were set and white leard the pitiful mean of a little child And the prayers of a mother rise fast and wild Bluzzard-bound, in the plains astray.
Miles and miles from the wonted way—

He shricked and swoke in agony E'er the wolves leaped over the axle-tree.

Midnight out on the sea, the gale Pears at the fragments of a sail That flutter and wave, as in wild appeal To the straining spars and the groaning keel! Midnight under the leaden sky. The clouds like horrible shadows fly: Midnight! and over the ley spray, As the long waves course their prey.

And then the winds rave on to the night! There is the Cythera, where are the tars hat looked through the snow wrack up

Where is the statesman whose stately form Was the pride of the town before that storm : here are the merchants who fought a track their stores, and were lost in the driving

Where are the children whose tender notes Were frozen like nestlings in their throats? Where are the sparrows frozen sere? Where are the blizzards of yester-year?

AH! THE BLIZZARD,

New Yorkers Well Remember It's Call of a Year Ago.

Few of Them Would Wish It a Regular Visitor.

There Should Be a Prohibitory Tariff on Blizzards."

Do you remember the blizzard? Do you expect a blizzard this year? Were you caught in the blirgard last

What do you think of blizzards in gen ral as a permanent institution?

Broker E. R. Livermore-Of course I renember the storm, but we are not likely to have another like it. I stayed within doors while it lasted. As to having such blizzards permanent institutions, I say no. A prohibitory tariff should be put on blizzards.

Banker Whitely, of Prince and Whitleywas ill at home at the time, and I consider that I was fortunate. That was the best place to be during such a visitation. I don't want more blizzards. Mr. Worcester, the well-known woollen

merchant-I was out in it, so I think I renember it. There ought to be an act of Congress prohibiting blizzards.

Broker Whitely-I recall it, of course, as was in the city. I trust we won't have any more blizzards. They are ruinous to business. I was lucky enough not to have been ght out in the storm.

Ex-Coroner Ellinger-I think we ought to have one of these storms every year. Of ourse I have not yet forgotten last year's blizzard. I fought my way through the snow and climbed up that ladder you see there. All the rest of the boys can reach the packages without using the ladder, so they claim. hope I wont be called upon to do the "ladder act" during a blizzard this year. It's too hard to get to the office under such circum.

Administration Clerk O'Brien-I haven' yet forgotten the blizzard, but do no expect mother like it. I came down to the office Blizzard Day. I think we ought to have one of these blizzards every year. They purify the atmosphere.

John Thompson, the veterangireman of the Surrogate's office-Oh, pshaw! I have already nearly forgotten the so-called blizzard. Why, that was only an April shower compared to the real storm which I experienced in '86 along with Pelly Bates and Fan Reeder. We were volunteer firemen and had a fire on the day I speak of. I wouldn't mind a gentle breeze such as we had last March 12, but a genuine storm entered as the day 1 speak of the storm and as we had to '85 world by the storm and as we had to '85 world by the storm and as we had to '85 world by the storm and as we had to '85 world by the storm and as we had to '85 world by the storm and as we had to '85 world by the storm and as we had to '85 world by the storm and as we had to '85 world by the storm and the storm genuine storm such as we had in '36 would be a little too much.

Banker Griswold, of Griswold & Gillette-

Banker Griswold, of Griswold & Gillette—
I remember not only the snow blizzard of last March, but also the financial blizzard of last March, but also the financial blizzard of last March, but also the financial blizzard of last struck Wall street, Black Friday. I don't think we'll have any more of either kind of blizzard for some time.

Banker P. W. Gallaudet—I recollect quite distinctly the blizzard of last year, and hope we'll have another one this year. They are good for the health. They tone up a man's system. I was out in last year's, and enjoyed myself.

Record Clerk Fitzpatrick—Blizzards are all right—in Dakota, As long as they confine thomselves to that part of the country I have no fault to find with them, but when they tackle New York I kick. I remember last year's blizzard so vividly that I hope we won't have another this year.

Broker Samuel Post—I remember the blizzard, of course. But I was fortunate enough to be away from New York at the time it occurred. I don't expect we'll have another like it for a good many years. I don't think much of blizzards as a permanent institution.

J. O. Arnold—I well recollect there was

tion.
J. O. Arnold—I well recollect there was such a blizzard, and sincerely hope we'll not have another like it.
Broker Schumaker—I believe such a blizzard did strike this city, but we don't want any more of them.

zard did strike this city, but we don't want any more of them.

William Murray—I remember it well. I was out in it. I don't want any more of them. One is enough.

Lawyer W. C. Percy—Remember it? Well, rather. Why, I was on an L train that was stalled midway between two stations during four mortal hours. I don't anticipate such bad luck again for some time to come. We had blizzard enough to last a long time.

Daniel Conover, the railroad man—I recol-

Daniel Conover, the railroad man—I recollect the famous blizzard well enough. Another like it won't visit us, I think, for some time. I stayed in my house at Islip till it was over and travel resumed. Some

means should be devised to prevent its reap-

means should be devised to prevent its reappearance.

Broker Litch—I remember the blizzard well. I was in Orange at the time, and was snowed in the house for three days. We had to shovel our way out. Blizzards are not conducive to comfort.

Assistant Administration Clerk Scannell—I should think I did remember the blizzard! If we have any more of them we had better move to some other country. But that's an experience of a lifetime. I walked to the office in last year's storm. It was the only way to get here.

Deputy Clerk Wolff, also Sergeant of Seventh Regiment—I think we ought to have one of these little storms every 12th of March. They wake the bovs up. I was caught by last year's sform, so of course it made an impression on me. The impression is not quite so distinct to-day, because I haven't quite recovered from the effects of the inaugural festivities yet.

Attaché Robert Hastings—Do I remember it? Well, now, I ought to. I walked up to One Hundred and Thirty-second street right in the teeth of the storm. I am seventy years old, but am ready to repeat the performance whenever we have another such storm, which won't be for some time, I guess. I don't object to blizzards.

William A. Hogan, of the Administration office—As I walked down from Forty-first street in the storm I think I remember it. I hope we won't have a blizzard again this year. Once in fifty years is enough.

Thomas Marsac. of the Surrogate's office—I was caught in the storm, so cannot fail to remember it. There will hardly be another this year. Blizzards are a nuisance.

Charles Golden, ir., same office—I was onfan L train that was blocked for five hours, so I shan't forget the blizzard, Fortunately, I had some lunch and a bottle with me. I didn't suffer, but I'd rather eat my lunch elsewhere, this March 12. Blizzards are uncalled for.

Guardian Clerk O'Shaughnessy—There is business enough to attend to in this office without the interference of blizzards. I didn't get down during last year's storm, but I'll recollect it just the same. The boys

them.

Thomas B. Casey, the pride of the Bowery—I was coming home from a ball with a lady at 3 o'clock in the morning. The blizzard was just starting We were nearly drowned by the snow. I don't want to be caught again under such circumstances, and I don't think we need worry. We won't have another.

Stenographer Enos McNamara—I was in the Equitable Building at the time. I walked up to Fortieth street in the teeth of the blizzard. As a lover of all that is beautiful in nature I enjoyed the phenomenon greatly. I'll never forget it. I hope to have a similar experience again some day, though I hardly expect it will occur in New York.

Guardian-Angel Cook, of the Coroner's office—I went home in the thick of the blizzard, and therefore remember it quite distinctly. I don't think such storms add much to the climatic attractiveness of this great and glorious city. They should be abolished. I don't think we'll be troubled by another such terror. Stenographer Enos McNamara-I was in

by another such terror.

Coroner's Clerk Reynolds—I walked two
miles through the blizzard, and therefore
have good cause to remember it. But we
don't want any more blizzard. They are try-

have good cause to remember it. But we don't want any more blizzard. They are trying to the nerves.

Process-Server Hawkes—Blizzards are good for undertakers. I think they are the only business men who would like to see another one. I kept out of the way of the snow, within doors, which I think was a sensible proceeding on my part, don't you?

Banker Gregory—I was at the Board all blizzard day. I attended to business all the time the blizzard continued. But blizzards do not tend to facilitate business. We can get along without them.

Banker William C. Sheldon—Of course I remember the great blizzard of last year. I suppose if we have snow; sleet, rain and wind enough, we'll have another blizzard this year. If we don't we won't.

Lawyer Delos McCurdy—As I walked down to my office in Wall street, from the Park Avenue Hotel and back again, the day of the blizzard. I don't think I shall forget it soon. It was a grand sight. I am an enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and sublime in Nature, and I wouldn't have missed the great blizzard for a good deal. It was an experience of a lifetime.

Banker J. Seligman—The blizzard made too great an impression on me to forget it soon. It ope we'll never have more like it. One was enough.

Lawyer George McAdam—I don't think I'll forget the blizzard in a hurry, for I walked

Soon. I nope we'll never have more like it. One was enough.

Lawyer George McAdam—I don't think I'll forget the blizzard in a hurry, for I walked all the way from Chambers street to Jerome Park in the teeth of it. I don't think we ought to introduce blizzards among our permanent institutions.

Judge Browne, of the City Court—I remember the blizzard very well. I came down to court that day, We don't care to have that sort of a storm often.

Equity Clerk Croker—I remember something about some such little disturbance of the elements. If I recollect aright, I was out in the blizzard. I think such little zenybyrs. n the blizzard. I think such little zephyrs as that occurring at frequent intervals would be a benefit to the community. They would

reshen people up.

Docket Clerk Tully—I have a sort of dim remembrance of some such storm as you mention. I was out in it. I don't think we'll have more of them, but wouldn't mind if we did. They are good for people. They make men stay at home and get acquainted with their familes.

Docket-Officer Charles W. Paull—I remember the storm rather.

with their familes.

Docket-Officer Charles W. Paull—I remember the storm, rather. I guess nobody who was caught out in it will ever forget it. I don't want to see enother storm like it.

Docket Officer Moses Levy—I remember all about the blizzard. The blizzard was worse than the razzie-dazzie. We don't want one again in a hurry.

Deputy Clerk Scully—Yes, I well remember that blizzard. I don't want to see another like it. I was caught out in it, and had all I want of blizzards.

Equity Clerk Lambrecht—Why don't you ask Grover Cleveland about blizzards? He experienced one. As for myself, I don't care if we do have another in New York. I rather take to blizzards. I think we should adopt the blizzard as a National institution.

Law Clerk Nolan—I think we all remember last year's blizzard. Everybody seems to have been more or less caught out in it. My opinion of blizzards is that they are N. G. I don't expect this city will see another in a long time.

Chief Searcher Meeks—I remember the ter.

opinion of blizzards is that they are N. G. I don't expect this city will see another in a long time.

Chief Searcher Meeks—I remember the terrible blizzard of last March too well to wish to see another like it hers. Blizzards may be all right in the Northwest, where people are used to such little weather freaks, but there is a little too much concentrated weather about a blizzard such as we had last March to be thoroughly enjoyed by people not acclimated to a visitation of this kind. Blizzards should be barred out.

Chief Docket-Clerk Wilson—I am aware that there was a blizzard on March 12 last. I hope there won't be another one this year. Blizzards are a little too much for comfort.

Docket-Clerks Jennings and Tim Donohue—We are of the opinion that blizzards must go. At least as far as New York is concerned. We remember last year's blizzard. Oh yes, we shan't forget it. We don't desire blizzards as regular harbingers of Spring. We prefer April showers.

Searchers Gallagher, Kennedy, Atkinson, Swanton, Hare, Reilly, Bennett and Morse well remember the eventful March 12 of '88. They were all sufferers in various degrees. They pluckly attended to their work during the continuance of the storm, but they are not particularly anxious to undergo a similar experience this year. They are not at all in favor of having blizzards like the great one of March last becoming permanent features of Spring in New York.

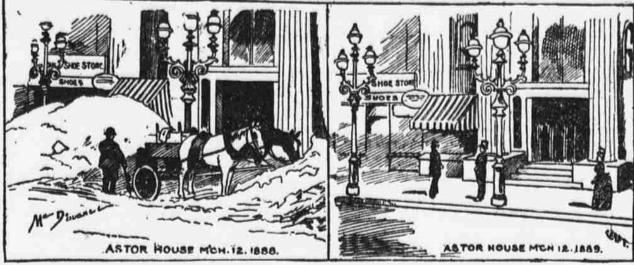
A COMPLIMENTARY STANZA.

A paper true within our doors Is fighting for the mass,

To help our race to better things Without respecting class. So, as we march from wrong to right,

Our banner is unfurled. While on it shines, in letters bright, Long live THE EVERING WORLD.

THAT WILD, WEIRD GUEST FROM THE NORTHWEST.



Note the Contrast Between His Presence at the Astor House Entrance a Year Ago and His Absence This Morning.

enal Snow Fall.

Throughout It All.

Pleasantries Indulged at the Expense of " Beautiful Snow."

But the blizzard did not down the spirits of New Yorkers. There was a funny side-many funny sides

to the situation. London, from the ponderous Thunderer down to the "two-pair back" lodger, growled and grumbled, and made itself miserable the other day over two inches of snow on the level.

But New York, buried under avalanches of the beautiful snow, laughed and jested, and grew fat with good nature.

A little Irish Mark Tapley, on his way downtown to his work on a Second Avenue L train, which was caught between Rivington and Grand street stations, kept a carload of half-frozen men and women merry during the four hours of their captivity in midair. He passed his old hat and raised a collection. which he lowered from the train by a cord found in his handy pocket. The attention of round in his handy pocket. The attention of a man in the street was obtained. He took the money from the hat and in five minutes attached a big pail of beer to the string. The beer was enjoyed, and afterwards, sandwiches, a bottle of 'old pepper," cigars and cigarettes were elevated on a string. There were songs, jokes, stories and general hilarity.

will go down to fame along with "Sheridan's Ride," "The Charge of the Six Hundred," and other poems commemorative of occa-

sions.

It was scrawled by an unsung singer, on an amateur signboard stuck in a drift.

Another sign in a buried street read:

"Closed Till the Ressurection."

The hotels downtown were thrice full of people who couldn't get uptown, and those uptown were crammed with those who couldn't get downtown.

"Give me standing-room for one night!" ejaculated a tired seeker for a place of rest to the clerk at the Astor House. And a lady, storm-bound on her way to the bedside of a sick friend, gladly accepted the accommodation of a chair in a bath-room.

At Currier's Fulton street hostelry appeared this card in the window on the second morn-

this card in the window on the second morning of the blizzard:
"Yes! We are closed. No coal, no food—

"This is so overwhelming," said Channeey
M. Depew, as if his whole New York Central
system were not paralyzed at all.
"So overwhelming that nobody swears. It
is the first accident I ever heard of which

didn't largely increase the stock of profan-The Liberty street ferry-house passengers, The Liberty street terry-nouse passengers, who couldn't get across the river, passed the whole night in dancing to the music of a half dozen harmonicas, which chanced to be in the building, and bankers, typewriters, shopgirls, brokers, merchants and saleswomen reeled, waltzed and polkaed with much related.

recied, waitzed and polared with making ish.

"A job lot of beautiful snow for sale cheap," was the tempting offer posted on a sign set on the apex of a snow mountain in Fourteenth street, and in front of a Fifth avenue restaurant was another: "Wanted, 1,000 hands to chew snow," and added to the usual announcements before a florist's establishment was this ironical line from a popular

The flowers that bloom in the Spring !

"The flowers that bloom in the Spring!
Ha. ha!"
"What did you do to pass the time away?"
asked an Evening World reporter of a
passenger who had been four days coming
from Buffalo to New York on the "limited."
"Well, we took turns bathing in a tub in
one of the vestibuled cars till the hot water
gave out, "be replied, lugubriously.

But the joke over which stricken New York
laughed most heartily was a despatch from a
committee of citizens of Bismarck, Dak, to
Mayor Hewitt, offering financial aid to the
city in its distress, and the most unconsolable victim of the blizzard, according to the
most authentic statistics, was a man tied up
in the Elevated railway blockade, who said he
was sad because there was a note against him was sad because there was a note against him falling due that day and he feared it would

falling due that day and he leared it would be protested.

A signboard in a snowdrift in Front street said: "We will reopen July 4;" but on the morning of Friday, March 16, the sun smiled back the never-fading smile of Manhattan's people, and everybody celebrated St. Pat-rick's Day in Fourth of July style for the de-liverance from the storm. verance from the storm.

> Those Egyptian Flesh-Pots. [From the Fliegende Blatter,]



"The Egyptian collections here, my dear, are of the highest interest. For instance, look at those vases from the royal tombs. You must have heard of them ?" "Why, of course. Those must be the cele-

brated flesh-pots of Egypt!",

THE FUNNY BLIZZARD. THAT CRUEL BLIZZARD. BLIZZARD ECHOES.

The Humorous Side of the Phenom- The Mournful Side of the A Retrospect of How We Fared in Terrible Storm.

Rare Good Humor That Prevailed Great Roscoe Conkling Meets the

The Pilot-Boats Went Out to Sea Never to Return.

The blizzard left cruel marks along its course to be reminders for many a year of its

Among its victims, first and foremost in the minds of the American people, was Roscoe Conkling; for, though his death did not occur until several weeks afterwards, it was the result of exposure in the storm

Late in the afternoon of that memorable March 12 the great statesman, lawyer and man, having completed his usual day's work at his downtown office, set out for home. There was not a cab in sight, and the stalwart man, indomitable of will and Herculean in strength, started on afoot.

It was three miles to his house, but with his famous shaggy ulster buttoned to the chin and its broad cellar turned up about his magnificent head, Conkling ; lunged into the storm. For three hours he struggled, and at last he reached Union Square almost exhausted. He paused a moment for breath and then plunged on across the park.

It was another hour before he reached his Club in Madison Square, and there Mr. Coukling, weary and weak, related the story of his experiences. Blinded by the storm he lost his bearings in Union Square park, and was nearly exhausted when he stumbled into the right path, For a few days he was ill. Then he seemed to recover: but a relapse occurred and he died of an absecss of the brain. It was three miles to his house, but with

occurred and he died of an abscess of the brain.

On March 12, a year ago, the yacht Cythera set sail from Staten Island for the Bermudas, her owner, Lawyer William A. W. Stewart, going on the yacht to sunny climes in search of health. Cornelius Smith Lee, of this city, accompanied him, and a crew composed of Joseph Phipps, Charles Svenson and six seamen, a cook and a steward.

The craft has never been heard of since, and her people found graves at the bottom of the sea. When last seen she was off Barnegat Light.

Eighteen pilot boats of the harbor fleet were out in the blizzard, and the Enchantress, No. 18, and Phantom, No. 11, never returned. Their crews were lost, as were the pilots, Frederick Whitehead and John Johnson, of Stapleton, S. I. Services in memory of the search follows.

pulots, Frederick Whitehead and John Johnson, of Stapleton, S. I. Services in memory of these poor fellows were held Sunday at the First Presbyterian Church, Stapleton.

The schooners Mary Heitman and Edward Cooper, with all on board, were also lost in the blivered.

the blizzard.

George D. Barremore, a hop merchant in Water street, set out from his mother's home in the Osburne Flats at 9.50 o'clock in the morning. At 4.45 o'clock next morning his frozen body was found by a patrolman. He had travelled only three blocks—to Fifty-fourth street and Seventh avenue.

James Reilly, a bright young newspaper man, was stricken down and died from exposure while making a heroic attempt to walk to Coney Island to confirm or deny a rumor that the Manhattan Beach Hotel had been blown from its foundations into the sea.

that the Manhattan Beach Hotel had been blown from its foundations into the sea. Siz other men died from exposure in the storm, and the list of maimed and crippled reached enormous proportions.

One of the saddest phases of the blizzard was the milk famine, resulting from the blocksding of the railreads and thoroughfares leading to the city. For four days no milk was received and the suffering among the children in tenement-house districts was fearful, hundreds of cases of sickness and many deaths resulting among the wee little ones.

ones.
Aside from the bigger troubles reported by
the sufferers there was a vast amount of
lesser troubles and an immense loss of
money, health and comfort.

A LIVELY BATCH FROM LACKAWANNA.

Had Missed Their Chances. "Nothing ever comes amiss in this house." said Mrs. Grudgly the other morning at breakfast.
'If it comes amiss, it always stays that way," answered Grudgly, with a mournful glance at his three marriageable daughters.

An Unnensonable Month. "What month is this?" asked George of his best girl about 2 A. M.

"March." answered the old man from the top of the stairs. The Difference. "Its eating between meals that's giving me the dyspepsia," said Bilions.

"Its working between meals that's giving it to me," answered Bonly. A Remarkable Watch " Hello, Jim; that your new watch you've

" Lemme see it. Why, I thought you said it was now?"
"Tis; brand new. Carried it a week."

got on ?"

"Bet you. Tenner goes."
Go you. Show up."
"Why, can't you see its second hand?" Needs More Than a Grain. " Who did you say wrote this book?"

" Edgar Saltus ?" "I think he had better salt himself instead us. This book has rather a bad odor. A Personal Question.

"We would like to rent a house," said a nervous young man, accompanied by a blushing maiden.
"Double or single?" saked the agent.
"Married," stammered the young man.
LACKAWARKA.

Last Year's Big Storm.

Phases of Metropolitan Life Under King

Blizzard's Scourge.

The incidents were many. New Yorkers had probably never witnessed such a sight as the streets presented during the day. Everything was abandoned. Street cars, beer wagons loaded with filled kegs, slaughter-house wagons piled high with the carcasses of beef, broken-down backs, brokendown delivery wagons and overturned milk wagons formed part of the obstructions in the streets. Snow had drifted around them

nountains high. Overhead were stalled elevated trains with loads of joking, growling, cursing and all other kinds of passengers.

Hackmen reaped a harvest. They charged normous prices and got them. One man recaived \$50 for transporting a gentleman from the Hoffman House to Christopher street

cerved see for transporting a gentleman from
the Hoffman House to Christopher street
forry.

Only six trains were run on the Sixth avenue "L" road from One Hundred and Fiftyfifth street, and only four on the Ninth avenue line below Fifty-ninth street. Between
Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth streets on
the Sixth avenue "L," a train was blocked.
The passengers sat, shivered and waited.
Finally a couple of individuals with an eye to
business appeared in the street below with
long ladder which they placed against the
structure. They announced that for 10 cents
passengers could climb down.

No one dared to make the descent in the
fierce storm, until finally one young man
went and the others followed. One woman
also went down, presenting an edifying
spectacle of flying skirts and ribbed stockings to those who held the ladders. At other
places where trains were stalled, passengers
"usahed the growler" by lowering a can into
the street. This was extensively practised.

On the east side, business was entirely susspended. In one of the stalled trains the
passengers began to smoke: the guard protested.

"Faith'n you can't put us out." ventured

tested.
"Faith 'n you can't put us out," ventured a bright young Irishman, whereat the guard gave it up. A poker game, 25-cent limit, was also started on this train. No one was allowed to cross Brooklyn Bridge during the storm. Ferry-boats ran on irregular time and at long intervals. But as no trains were running in Jersey or Long Island, the thousands who came to the city on early trains had to remain over night.

on early trains had to remain over night.

Neither could they send any messages to their homes for the wires were all down. One old man offered \$100 to have a message sent to Harlem. It was an impossibility.

The Fire Department was crippled, for 250 of its boxes were out of order. Opposite the Astor House a boy was pushed into a snow bank. When he came out, he pulled with him an unconscious man who had been entirely covered up.

Astor House a boy was pushed into a snow bank. When he came out, he pulled with him an unconscious man who had been entirely covered up.

Not a vessel left or entered port on that day. World reporters gathered news by means of snowshoes.

In Wall street business was also suspended. The exchanges were practically deserted, there being but seven members at the Produce Exchange.

The crush at the downtown hotels was immense. Three and four people were crowded into one room, and, were mighty glad to do that. Hospitals were crowded with, people suffering from frost bite and various disabled portions of their anatomy.

The East River was frozen over, and hundreds of people waked across on the ice bridge. The Pennsylvanis Ratifroad's wires were all down, and messages to and from them were sent by The World over its long-distance telephone wires. Brooklyn Bridge trains ran regularly.

Hundreds of bodies were kept for days, funerals being prevented by the impassable drifts of snow in the streets.

A famine set in and many poor people were badly in want. Provisions could not be transported, and grocery and meat stores were completely denuded of edibles.

One thousand seven hundred and forty three new men were taken to work at cleaning the streets by Commissioner Coleman. Truckmen volunteered, and hundreds of trucks loaded with snow could be seen wending their way to the rivers.

Mishaps to pedestrians were legion, and many narrow excapes were noted. As the blizzard pradually melted away before the sun scores of dead horses came to light.

Florists fared badly. Mr. Fred Gorden sent this polite note to The Woald: 'All gone. Ruined! Glass all broken."

Pascal T. Barquet and J. B. Clarke walked from Mount Veraon to secure their stock of newspapers. Their trip was a perilous one, but they were rewarded by receiving fabulous prices for their papers. The snow drifts in many places ranged as high as seventeen feet, and drifts fifteen feet high were common.

A Triumph of Long-Distance Telephoning. [From the Bufulo Evening News.]
To show the benefits that may be derived from

the long-distance telephone we will state only one case: The New York Evening World, with which paper we will be in direct communication. was notified of the fire on Lloyd street immediately on its breaking out last Monday morning. the operator at this end telling THE EVENING WORLD people that it was a very blustery day, a high wind blowing, the scene near the lake, and the probabilities were it would be a large fire. "Give us all you can get of it, get it to us quickly, and we'll get out an extra," said the enterprising manager of THE EVENING WOBLD, and it was about all the News could do to get on the street right here where the fire occurred before the New York EVENING WOLLD was being sold on Broadway. This could only be done through the long-distance telephone.

Some Facts and Figures About the The Blizzard Yields to the Persua-Raging Visitor.

Loss of Life and Loss of Property in His Vain Attempt at Disguise by Dropping.

The Blizzard Estimated to Have Cost New York About \$1,790,000.

The first accident attendant upon the storm was a crash on the Third Avenue L road. It happened about 7 o'clock in the morning just below Seventy-sixth street. A train drew up there and an immense crowd packed itself into the cars.

The train started, but the engine only went a few yards when it stopped, unable to draw the load up the steep grade, and another train, drawn by two engines, rushed down from Eighty-fourth street and crashed into the stationary trains. An engineer riding as passenger on one of the engines was killed. Fight passengers were known to be badly injured and a score or more bruised.

Another accident occured later in the day on the Ninth Avenue road, one man being

The Chicago express stopped at Yonkers at 7.45 o'clock A. M. for water, and the Northwestern express telescoped it. Only one person was seriously injured.

Incidents of the Storm and the Storm

person was seriously injured.

A 'wild cat' train on the Jersey Central crashed into another blocked at Roselle station. Two persons were injured, and several badly brusied.

At liantingdon, Pa., a passenger train collided with a freight train. The engineer, firemen and brakeman were instantly killed and the trains were completely wrecked.

At Silverton, Col., John O'Neill, a mailcarrier, was killed by an avalanche.

Another life, that of a woman, was lost in a collision on the North River, between the ferry-boat Oswego and an unknown schooner. Nine pilot boats were wrecked. They were blown ashore in the Horseshoe at Sandy Hook, where they had taken shelter. The privations and sufferings of the crews were something terrible. Over \$100,000 was lost. Several people were frozen to death. An

Several people were frozen to death. An unknown man was found dead at the foot of Stanton street, East River.

Annie H. Fisher's dead body was found in a hallway of No. 429 West Thirty-ninth

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Robert H. Masterson, of Tuckahoe, got off a train at Mount Vernen to walk to shelter. His body was found in a snow drift.

Christina Bickel, of 27 Frankfort street, started to work and was brought home a corpus three hours later.

Over twenty-five people were frozen to death in Essex County. Terrible sufferings were experienced there.

At the Delaware Breakwater a terrible loss of life was occasioned by the blizzard. Thirty-two persons were drowned and twenty-eight vessels were blown ashore. Over sixty men from the crews of those vessels were covered with a thick coating of ice and badly frost bitten.

A party of eleven stood on the end of the steamboat pier when it broke in three places. For twenty-three hours they faced the biling wind and waves, and were finally rescued in a precarious condition. A number of tugboats also sunk. The loss was estimated at \$600,000.

On the Lehigh Valley Hailroad New Jer.

boats also sunk. The loss was estimated at \$600,000.

On the Lehigh Valley Railroad, New Jersey Division, at the Three Bridges, four engines and a wrecking train plunged into a drift. The first engine left the rails, and in less than a minute three of the engines were wrecked and three men were killed.

A similar accident occurred on the New York and Harlem Railroad near Sharon, N. Y. Five engines and a snow-plough plunged into a gorge packed with snow and were completely wrecked. Four men were killed and five injured. In other places death and destruction followed in the wake of the blizgard, mention of which would entail the use of columns.

of columns.

The number of deaths from the storm in this city was seven, and the number injured The number of deaths from the storm in this city was seven, and the number injured and treated at the hospitals was forty-nine. Of course there were a score of more cases which did not come into the police reports. The losses of this city, as carefully computed by The World, are as follows:

Working people's loss.
Out of town railroads.
Bippers and steamboat men
Elevated and surface roads.
Stock Exchange brokerage.
Consolidated Exchange brokerage.
Produce Exchange brokerage.
Cotton Exchange brokerage.
Cotton Exchange brokerage.
Other exchanges' brokerage.
Other exchanges' brokerage.

Correboration.

[From Life.] Said Paddleford to his wife on the way back from the museum: "I am firmly convinced that women have an innate, natural, constitutional love of the horrible."
"Good thing for you," she retorted, "or you might have been a bachelor to your dying day."

A Cordin Invitation.

ntellectual affair.

[From the Burtington Free Press.]
Rayner — Chokeband. why don't you come round and join our club? You've had invitaions enough. Chokeband-I know it, but I'm afraid it's an

Rayner—Oh. no. it isn't. You wouldn't feel out of place in the least.

BLIZZARD STATISTICS. A SUBDUED TERROR.

sion of a Shadowy Reporter.

This Explains Why New York Is Not

A blizzard struck this town this morning Perhaps the blow was not so hard nor so generally felt as that of a year ago to-day, but

Snowed Under To-Day.

the blizzard came. Readers will remember that a me six weeks ago, when snow and hail and sleet pelted the unfortunate pedestrian. THE EVER-ING WORLD stated, on the authority of the handsome young weather seer in the Equita-

ble tower, that it was a Jersey blizzard. THE EVENING WORLD reporter became a shadow, and the other day he discovered on a shingle, at 64 Broadway, these words:

> BURRILL, STITT & BLIRARD. Brokers.

Ascending the winding stairs yesterday, the inquiring mind softly opened the door of a rear office bearing the same shingle. He came upon a smooth-taced, crinkly-haired young man, and startled him with the an nouncement:

" I want to see Mr. Bliggard " The young man colored deeply, and cast a hurried glauce about the office; but his eye lighted on no one, for there was no one class

present. So, as he couldn't pass himself off as Mr. Burrill nor Mr. Stitt, he said boldly: "] have the honor to be that gentleman-only if you would be my friend, call me not Bliz-zard, but Bli-zard, with the accent hard on the zard.

"I just dropped in to see bow you were getting on-if your health was in its usual strength, and what kind of a racket you were going to have to-morrow. Going to give us another razzle-dazzle?" The young man looked uneasily beyond

lair, and then inquired in an agonized tone, 'Now what do you mean? I don't know "See, here; you came to this town about

his caller towards the only egrees from his

year ago, didn't you?" queried the reporter, "Why, yes. My lease here dates from about a year ago," replied the Blizzard, uneasily.

"And you are from Jersey, aren't you po"
"I live at Passaic, En Jay," confessed the

"I hive at Passaic, En Jay," confessed the broker.

'And do you suppose that the thin disguise of your true name, made by shaving off one 'z.' is enough to throw anybody of their guard? Now, I want to know again: Are you going to other a tic-up on the L and surface railroads; force me to welk down from Harlem to my office; run milk up to \$1 a ap; oblige poor folks to burn their furniture because it is cheaper than coal; dog railroad traffic; make Manhattan a deversialand for a week, and make an all-around champion nuisance of yourself generally?

'Because, if that is your game; if you enjoy burying this town in snow as deep as Pompeli and Herculaneum, and alapping Winter down so hard in the lap of Spring—gentle Spring! that she suffers with rheumatism, pneumonia and other things—so hard that her usefulness is destroyed. I say, if that is your idea, you are in opposition to a vast majority of the people of this town, and The Evenno World is going to expose you." Gradually a smile of light overspread the classic features of the representative from Passalc and he chuckled: "That's so, the 13th of March is the anniversary of the bliszard, isn't it?"

Then a look of agony chased the smile

Passaic and he chuckled: "That's so, the 12th of March is the anniversary of the blinzard, isn't it?"

Then a look of agony chased the smile away and the blinzard or Binzard pleaded: "Oh, sir! I have no loved and loving wife and tender babes in whose behalf I can plead with you; but, kind sir, if you have a beert, do not misrepresent this blinzard in your paper. I am a peaceable, law-abiding citizen. I never blew off a tin sign nor sn wwd-under a pretty shopgirl in my life. I'm only a broker, which may not be much better than a bizzard, but if it is sonly a little, very little better, that is something of an extenuating circumstance!"

The reporter was convinced that if the blizzard had not already repented and determined to lead a steadier life in future, this visit had had a good effect, at least, and arose with an assurance to the Jerrey Blizard that he should come to no harm, physically or mentally, if he did not get on a tantrum.

And this, gentle reader, is why when you anxiously peeped from under the corner of your Holland window shade, this morning, you did not find the snow banked up on the second story window, and last night's trains stalled on the L road.

The Evenno World is always enlisted on the side of the people, and checked the blizzard in his mad career on the eve of his anniversary celebration.

PURE BLOOD ?

You must have it for HEALTH

You must have Health for **HAPPINESS**

Not one person in ten is free from tainted blood.

No one doubts that Burdock Blood Bitters will thoroughly purify the blood except those who have never used it.

BURNING, ITCHING BLOTCHES.



large as a penny, and some LOOD as large as a silver deller. They would appear mostly in the morning, and would itch and burn for three or our hours every day. I took everything I could think of, but to no avail. I grew worse and worse, until I was sick abed. A friend advised me to use Burdock Blend Bitters. I secured three bottles, and before I had taken

Last spring I had a tarrible

body. There were blotches as

out it. -- Mrs. Julia Elbridge, Box 35 West Cornwell, Conn. SCROFULOUS SORES.

all of the first bottle I felt like another person. I was entirely cured before I had taken the three bottles. R.

B. B. is a wonderful medicine and I would not be with-

My daughter has been troubled with serofulous seems on the right side of her neck for three years; was taken at first with pain in the neck and swelling of the glands about the neck. She had five running sursa, and before one was healed up another lump would come. She has taken a great many kinds of med but all failed to help her. This winter we have given her your Burdock Blood Bitters, and it has helped her vos such-more than anything

eiss ever used. Since we BUIGOCK has had but one running sore, and that is almost healed up now, with no signs of more coming. I can recommend Burdook Blood Bitters for scrofula. ...John Bule, Elp. Vermont.



Ask your druggist for it.